

MAY FIGHT

In Cincinnati Soon.

Trying to Arrange Limited Round Match

Between Gus Ruhlin and George Childs.

Official Average of Kirkwood Bowling Club.

Two Crack Teams Selected—Local Sporting News.

Cincinnati sports are endeavoring to arrange a match between George Childs, the colored boxer who knocked out Bob Armstrong, and Gus Ruhlin.

It is believed that the men would draw a large crowd. Manager Costello is in correspondence with Billy Madden and Sam Summerfield, trying to arrange details. Cincinnati has never had a first-class heavy-weight contest. Such a fight would create a great deal of enthusiasm.

Champion Bowlers.

The official averages of the Kirkwood Bowling club have been prepared. C. E. Howland leads with an average of 166.20 for 24 games. Dr. R. B. Carter is second with 163.83 for the series. The first and second teams, with averages of players, will be made up as follows:

First team—C. E. Howland, 166.20; R. B. Carter, 163.83; H. Williams, 162.75; G. E. Koplin, 160.88; C. F. Frain, 157.29. Team's average, 162.09.

Second team—G. E. Firestone, 156.12; W. H. Snyder, 154.75; M. V. Smith, 153.87; J. W. Chapman, 153.37; L. B. Lyman, 153.37. Team's average, 154.29.

The alleys have been resurfaced and are now as fine as any in the State.

Met in Private.

John Whittaker, who worked as a barber in this city for some time, afterwards gaining a reputation as a pugilist, won a fast fight, pulled off in private, from Young Lacey of Cleveland Thursday night. He knocked out his opponent in seven rounds.

Supplies Won.

Curley Supplies, Simms' former sparring partner, defeated Emil Sanchez, the "Cuban wonder," in a 10-round go at Detroit Friday night.

Bowling.

Friday night's contest practically decided the bowling tournament in progress at the Howard st. alleys. The game was between the Peerless and Eureka teams. The former won by 57 pins, but the Eureka team wins the series by a margin of two pins.

Two games are yet to be rolled, but it is not probable that the result will be changed.

Thus far Clarence Moore of the Peerless team has the highest individual score, 221, and the highest average 166. The two concluding games may change matters as Timmerman of the Summits has an average of 163.7 and Marsh of the Crown club has a record of 162.

Standing of Teams.

Team	Games	Pins
Eureka	8	6007
Peerless	8	6005
Cereal	7	5154
Summits	7	5045
Crown	6	4876

PARDEE

Slated For Sergeant at Arms of Senate—Caucus.

Columbus, Dec. 30.—(Spl.)—After successive conferences of the Republican Senate for the past two days the following will very likely be the result of the caucus to be held this afternoon. Speaker pro tem., Oscar Shepherd; clerk, Wm. B. Uhl; assistant clerk, J. S. Dines of Lafayette; recording clerk, W. B. Howells, Ashtabula county; sergeant-at-arms, L. S. Pardee, Summit.

Christmas and New Year Holiday Excursions. Very low rates to all C. A. & C. and Penn. lines stations Dec. 23, 24, 25, and 31 and Jan. 1. Tickets good returning until Jan. 2 inclusive.

FALSE TEETH TRADE.

A REGULAR BUSINESS IN BUYING AND SELLING THEM.

Sometimes the Discarded Sets Are Cleaned, Brightened Up and Resold, and Sometimes They Are Broken Up For the Old Gold in Them.

"Old False Teeth Bought."

This is the sign which attracts the attention of visitors to the office of a certain dealer in dental and optical supplies who does business in Chicago.

"It's queer how people are attracted by that sign," said the owner of the establishment. "I never intended it to be prominent, because there are other lines in my business I am more interested in pushing, but it seems to fairly force itself into the minds of everybody who comes here, no matter what his mission may be, and 'old false teeth bought' is the only thing they can think or talk about."

"There's nothing and nothing in dealing in secondhand false teeth, although I will admit the sign is an unusual one. It is a legitimate branch of our trade. With ordinary usage false teeth don't wear out and are just as good at the end of a few years as they were when new. The teeth themselves are valuable, and the gold work used in binding even the commonplace kind together is costly. People are forever getting new ideas about their teeth and keep the dentists busy changing or building over their artificial molars. Then, you remember that a whole lot of people who wear false teeth are dying every day."

"Ten years ago there was no way of utilizing this old material. It was all dead waste, so to speak. But now it is different, and people are more economical. False teeth, especially if heavily set with gold plates, are worth too much money to be cast aside when new ones are ordered or to be buried in a grave. Thus it comes that a trade of considerable proportions has sprung up in this line, and old false teeth are a staple in this market."

"Who brings them here to sell and what class of customers buy them?"

"Small dentists who are hard up financially and lack the inclination or facilities to clean up and build over the discarded sets, which they are sharp enough to retain from their patrons, are the main source of supply. Sometimes they make their patrons a little allowance for the old sets of teeth, but they get out of this whenever possible on the plea that they are worthless. Then we have just folk who cannot afford to wear false teeth any longer come in here occasionally and offer them for sale. Undertakers? Well, that is a feature of the trade I don't care to talk about. I might be misunderstood, and some people are so squeamish, you know."

"Why, one woman came in here yesterday to buy an opera glass. She looked like a good customer and was inspecting some high priced glasses when I stopped to wait upon a man who frequently brings in some fine teeth. She saw me take a set from him and pay for them, and then, noticing probably his somber clothes and an end of black crabs sticking out of one of his side pockets, she frowned away in a fury without a word of explanation. It is hard to please everybody, and as times are hard I have to be very careful."

"But what about your sales? Who takes these old grinders and incisors from you?"

"Principally a class of men who make a business of working over the sets. When the outfit is in reasonably good shape, it is given a thorough cleansing, brightened up, and then resold to dentists who have a cheap patronage. A little tinkering will make them fit after a fashion in the mouths of people who want to make a show of false teeth at small cost. Where the sets are not good enough to be used entire they are broken up, the gold either melted down or saved to be remodeled, and the teeth themselves remounted as they are needed for patients. It's a good thing for poor people, for many of them are thus enabled to get passably fair false teeth at a nominal price, when otherwise they would have to go without, owing to the great expense. Excuse me while I wait upon this woman."

When The Inter Ocean man left the establishment, the merchant was dickering with an ample proportioned African "natty" for a double set of teeth with heavy gold plates, which she said she had found in a hotel where she worked as chambermaid.

"Der gemmen don't go to 'at 'orapital," said natty. "E's wuz so sick when dey tak' 'im way he don't clear forgot 'is test, an I doan' spee' he'll wan' 'em any more. Steal 'em? No, sah, no, sah! Bosa, 'o say 'tak' 'ole truck 'way. I doan' want 'em 'round 'ere." Ole truck—umph, umph—why, dat's jes' like findin five dollars."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHE NEVER BALKED AGAIN.

Bar Harbor Man Played a Bluff Game on a Contrary Mare.

"Speaking about balky horses and the best way to cure them," said George Sperry, "I can tell you of a trick that Stephen Leland played one feller all know Steve, course you do— he lives down to Bar Harbor. Well— let's see—it was 19 years ago on the 20th day of January. You remember the heavy sleet storm—same night Linniko was married—when all the trees looked so pretty after the storm. You remember Stephen—he had a wood lot out near the foot of Green mountain, where he cut his wood winters. That year he had as handsome a pair of bay horses as ever rain drove over. The nigh one was all right in every particular, but the off one had spells once in awhile when she would take matters in her own way and throw up her head. You might put rocks in her ears, twist her tail, pound, whip, swear and rave as much as you liked, but she would never move till she got ready."

"One day I met Leland when he was hauling out the first load for the day. He told me how she worked, and I told him then and there that if it was my horse I'd just hitch on the nigh one and leave her hitched on to the load in the woods. They went into the Harbor with the first load all right, but when the second load was piled on and under way things were different. At a certain place in the road up goes that horse's head again. It was in just the same place where she balked before. Steve was mad as a batter. He took off his coat and hat. He swore till the trees around him trembled. Next he took a sapling birch and whipped and pounded till he was all tired out. Then he sat down and rested. Then he thought he'd coax the critter, so he got a drink of water from a spring. She drank it. Then he asked her to go, but not a muscle would she move. Stephen fussed till he became exhausted."

"Then, as he told me afterward, he took Sperry's advice—hitched the nigh one, straddled her back and made for home, leaving the ugly, contrary thing alone in the woods, hitched to a sled with a cord and a half of green wood to anchor it. He never so much as looked round nor said aye, yes, or no, but made direct for home, pitting up his horse and eating his supper. He had become so disgusted that he nearly dismissed the thing from his mind. That night began with a little rain. It was like a cold mist, and wherever it struck it froze. Then it snowed and blowed for awhile, then again it turned to rain—the queerest storm ever known on Mount Desert Island. There was not a minute after 7 o'clock that evening till daylight next morning but it snowed, or rained, and the wind was like a double edged razor, long toward morning."

Every tree was three times its proper size, and the ones left standing looked like the most beautiful plumes you ever see in your life. Lots of trees were broken to the ground. The telegraph wires were nearly an inch and a half in diameter, covered with solid ice. Little limbs of birch and maple were like branches of coral."

"In the morning Steve took out the old horse and started back for the woods. When he got near the place where he left the horse and load, he was astounded. The old nag was there just where she stood all night. Not the sign of a track did she make. Her legs were the size of flour barrels, her body surely three times its proper size. Her eyes and ears were hidden from view by the snow that had drifted upon her. The stem from her nostrils formed icicles that reached the ground. All in all it was the toughest sight he ever witnessed. Mr. Leland at first supposed the animal was dead, but after awhile he took an ax and broke the ice and lo! the poor critter out. She was like a chicken coming out of an egg. The coat came off in large flakes. When he hitched the nigh one on, he only had to speak once and he made lively time over the icy road that morning. He kept that pair till last year, when they both died."

"They never balked again."—Lewis-ton Journal.

Splendid Crystals In California. Some time ago John E. Burton of Lake Geneva, Wis., leased the right to prospect for crystals in the old Green Mountain mine, near Mokelumne hill, in Calaveras county, Cal. He found a number of fine specimens, and one of them is claimed to be the largest group or mass of crystals ever found. As taken out from the drift where it was uncovered it was 11 feet 7 inches in circumference. It was 4 feet 7 inches long, 3 feet 6 inches wide and 8 feet 2 inches high. It weighed 2,200 pounds. The mass included one large central crystal and a surrounding group of smaller ones. From the central one it was estimated that a perfect sphere 14 inches in diameter could be cut, while several others from three to eight inches in

diameter could be obtained from the mass. Mr. Burton has found in all about 12 tons of crystals.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

She Didn't Say Nay.

"Yes," said the summer girl to me as she held up two shortened skirts, one of duck, "all our gowns for exercise are short, ending at what would be our shoe tops if we wore high boots, but we shall wear low shoes. I don't know," she said shyly, "whether we think we have nice ankles or if we wish to show our stockings, which are gay in this season than ever." "Both," I ventured, and she didn't say nay.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Honesty.

Watts—This is the most honest town, I think, on the continent. The conductor missed me this morning, and everybody in the car looked as if they were angry because I did not pay.

Potts—They were not angry because you hadn't paid, but because they had.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Judge's Affidavit. Some years ago Justice of the Peace Beasley of Missouri was personally interested in a lawsuit, being a party thereto. It was necessary for him to make an affidavit, and he deprecated the idea of making it before another justice or a notary and depriving himself of a fee. So he filled out his affidavit, swore to it before himself, signed it as justice and as witness and awaited developments. He was sure that he would win and thus be able to tax the costs up to the other side.

When the case came up before Judge Kelley, the affidavit was offered in evidence and promptly objected to, the reason being given that a justice could not swear himself.

"Let me see the affidavit," said Judge Kelley.

It was handed up to the judge, who scanned it carefully for a few moments and then asked:

"Mr. Beasley, will you kindly tell me how you appeared before yourself when you swore yourself and identified your own signature?"

"That was very easy, your honor," replied Beasley. "I borrowed a looking glass and went through the formality before it."

Beasley was somewhat astonished when Judge Kelley sustained the objection.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Awful Mishap.

Two passengers on an Atlantic liner, one an American and the other an Englishman, did not exchange the farewell courtesies when the steamer reached her pier usual between voyagers who have occupied adjoining staterooms and hobnobbed during an ocean voyage. A plausible explanation was vouchsafed by the American.

During the voyage the Englishman persisted in fraternizing with the American in a most obtrusive and annoying manner. Within two days of Boston the Englishman one morning hunted up the American and found him in apparent despondency, gazing seaward from the hurricane deck.

"Confounded blue this morning, old chap. What's the matter?" And the Britisher slapped his companion on the back.

"Matter enough," growled the American. "Ship's lost; captain don't know which way to steer. Forget to wind the compass last night."

The Englishman listened with mouth agape, then rushed off to tell his friends of the consequential mishap. Evidently the glib Britisher was "pushed along" for some time until he found everybody crying him.—Boston Post.

He Knew Playfair.

The manager of the phosphate mine was a Scotchman, tall, big boned, with the strongest Glasgow Doric in his tongue. At first he was obdurate and desired us to leave the ground and to drop the specimens which we had taken before he appeared. At last I addressed him in good Scotch and asked him whether he thought I was a mining adventurer. "Aye, that's just what ye are."

"Then, if ye are, ye'll be havin a name."

"My name," I said, "is Playfair."

"Man," said my Scotch friend, "are ye Lyon Playfair?"

I assured him I was, but expressed surprise that he knew the name, to which he replied, looking from my 5 feet 4 inches, "Hoot, mon, yer name's traveled farther than yer wee legs will ever carry ye."—Letters of Lyon Playfair.

Wood Called Council of Cubans.

HAVANA, Dec. 30.—Elaborate preparations are being made to receive General Bartolome Maso, who will arrive here Sunday to attend the council of prominent Cubans called by General Wood.

QUESTION

Which Shall Rule—

The People or the Political Bosses?

Judge Pugh Thinks the People Will Win

In the Contest For Municipal Reform.

Says Boss Cox Is the Reform's Worst Enemy.

Judges Pugh and Kibler, of Columbus, who at the First Universalist church Wednesday evening explained the features of the new Municipal Code bill, have expressed themselves as a DEMOCRAT reporter as being confident that the Legislature would pass the bill.

"Of course there'll be opposition to it," said Judge Pugh, "but that opposition comes principally from the scheming, office-dealing politicians. We met with our worst opposition in Cincinnati. George B. Cox is the bill's worst enemy. But I am confident that the bill will pass because there seems to be among the people a universal feeling in its favor. In fact many of the counties have literally compelled their Representatives to pledge themselves to support the measure."

French Comfort.

In the best hotel in Paris one gets luxury, comfort and even splendor, but never one's cards or notes, according to Harper's Bazar. There is a fatal gift for these. One is a number, not an individuality. The table is, however, very luxurious. It is a clean and well ordered caravansary. As for the comfort of warmth in winter, they do not know the meaning of the word. We are justly accused of exaggerating the heat of our rooms in America; the furnace is denounced; but after freezing to death in Paris, one of the coldest of cities, very far north, one returns willingly to the heated rooms of America.

We exaggerate the excellence of the French bed. There is no such thing in France as that comfortable, broad, low thing which we call a French bed. A high, hard, narrow shelf is the apology for it.

We exaggerate our comforts by having gas in our sleeping rooms and hot and cold water in our stationary wash-bowls and bathrooms. They never exaggerate comfort in France. You have as many candles as you will pay for, and no bath, unless you order it, when men laboriously bring you a tub filled with hot or cold water, and take it away after you have bathed.

We exaggerate very much the supposed good living in France. To go to a hotel in Paris to live we must expect out of the season very little good food, very little that is sustaining and nourishing. It is "all sauce." There are no good joints of mutton, no good American desserts. This is an especial discomfort to the sick, who never get good toast, good custard, good tapioca pudding, nor oysters that they like.

To Suppress Sweating.

A large number of the best women of Syracuse, those identified with clubs and those not so organized, have united in a movement to suppress the sweating system, so far as it exists in Syracuse. A consumers' league has been formed and co-operation with the trades assembly is hoped for. The movement originated with the Political Equality club and was speedily indorsed by the Household Economic association, and from this start has spread through many club and social circles of Syracuse. The league is formed on the lines of the New York and Philadelphia organizations.

NO VACATION!
Hence this is a good time to enter or arrange to enter as early as possible.

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A good set for \$15.00 Bridge Work \$25.00 to \$50.00
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Eighteen years of practical experience in the dental art. We can cheerfully guarantee perfect work and satisfaction. Will honor any due bills or orders entered into by Dr. Felker.

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Open evenings, Sundays from 10 to 2.

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Or any irritable roughness of the skin? If so, you should see our line of

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Which sell from 10 cents to 50 cents.

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Everything useful and desirable.

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A POINTED ARGUMENT
One-half the cost of making beer is paid for labor. The employment of labor at good wages, by her institutions, is the life of any city. Why not then, if you drink beer

Drink Renner's Union, Akron, Lager Beer
And keep the money that you pay for it in circulation at home?

Golden Band Bottled Beer, in pint or quarts . . . Tie 30

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January 13, 1900
ON THIS DAY AND DATE
...THE GREAT WIND-UP SALE..
Of the Buckeye Clothing House,
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POSITIVELY ENDS.

From today until January 13, 1900, you will be able to buy any article in our store Below Cost.

Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters for Men, Boys and Children, Underwear, Gloves, Sweaters, Cardigan Jackets, Pea Jackets, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Remember we intend to quit the clothing business in Akron. If you don't hurry you'll miss the greatest opportunities in the clothing line that you ever had in your life.

Come in and look at our prices, and you'll purchase of us at

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Commandant T. A. Cronje, the man who whipped Dr. Jameson, is in command of the Boers near Mafeking and Kimberley. His opponent at Mafeking is Colonel Baden-Powell, who has a regiment of rough riders resembling the regiment raised by Wood and Roosevelt.